



Unknown Origin



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Chapter 1 by Adam Clark

The ringing. All I can hear is the ringing in my ears. Why won't it stop? What have I done to be cursed with this blessed shrill racket.

Oh, thank Baby Jesus! The noise is starting to fade like freshly bought denim in the 80s. What a gloriously hideous era for all things fashion and culture that decade was. Luckily I was only a wee lad during that time and committed only very few fashion faux pas. I can place the blame on my mother as I was too young to take responsibility for her actions. I did have some pretty rad lines buzzed into my hair above my ears. That choice was all mine. Lucas P. Elm knew how to rock a great doo as my hair game was on point. At least I thought so. The polaroids and developed pictures would tell otherwise, but anyways.

Back to the situation at hand. I don't remember why or how I ended up here. I need to acclimate to my surroundings and figure out what the hell is going on. Its dark. That much I am certain of and I am certain that does not help me figure anything out at all. Basically its an obstacle towards figuring out where I am. Glad that's established. On to highly descriptiven and helpful detail number 2. I am laying on an asphalt floor. Or is it lying? Am I placed on the floor or was I put here? Is it asphalt or Ass Fault? Ass fault sounds like ass fart which leads to clue 3. This place reeks something fierce. Like the combination of spoiled milk and even more spoiled milk placed in a blender with cabbage and served to hungry children who would rather starve then eat spoiled milk cabbage smoothies.

I need to stop LYING here and get up and do something about my current predicament.

Scanning for exits produces no viable options. Too damn dark to see anything that far in the distance. I seem to have misplaced my rendezvous to this location. Maybe I thought this was an indoor beach and I had brought with me what I really, really need is some sand, drinks with t

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So, I doubt I will be able to enjoy any umbrella drinks or sand here but there is a good chance I still might get my Hepatitis consolation prize.

I finally gain the strength to stand up. I feel like I am having the worst hangover of my life. Which is saying a lot because my 30th birthday was last month and I felt like I was a frog in a blender set to pulse. On repeat... For the entire day. I wanted for that frog to croak so bad that day. Stop ribbetting and give up mother fucker, you are defeated! Give up and succumb and we can hold a frog funeral. Have a lilly pad procession on the pond. They would stop at the final resting spot and his frog friends come out in little tiny black suits lifting a tin can casket. They would set the pyre ablaze and push him off, and we would watch him fade into the horizon until only the embers remained.

Maybe the ringing from a few minutes ago was actually my brains being blended. Like you would see at a zombie juice bar. Brains with some goji berries and Kale. The cerebellum adds a nice nutty note and complements the flax seed and chia nicely.

Sadly and weirdly, all these thoughts about blenders and smoothies makes me quite ravenous. It feels as though I have not eaten in days. Blended brains and mangled frog should not make me hungry and cause me to salivate at the thought of ingesting these "foods". This either explains that I have lost my mind or I am indeed very hungry and not eaten in days. I fear for the worst but I am not sure if it is the former or the latter. Either way, I need to find a way out of here and gain some nourishment before I meet the frog in the after life. I also need to answer that age old question of why am I in this supposedly abandoned building without any knowledge of why or how I am here. That simple question that I am sure everyone has asked at least once in their lives.

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